"In the two months' existence of the instituireles of society, and it was for the not imagine, though, that such a here of their own accord. Their ch consent is not easily obtained or they will not acknowledge that they are frankards even to their dearest friends. They lifer from men in this respect. Their friends the insbriate when she goes on her next spree, for after her suree she is willing to go anywhere to get relief. There are exceptions to

his rule. Here is one."

Dr. Meyler: turned to his desk and picked up Meter in the handwriting of a woman,
"I cannot give you her name," he continued She is one of the most prominent and talent

emitting the names in the reading, said that the netress had concluded to go alone to some place where she could be watched and treated medically. She had just recovered from what medically. Such at just recovered from what her manager believed to be a serious siekness, but it was simply a solitary debauch. The manager had not the faintest suspiction of the manager had not the faintest suspiction of the massed for sextness for he had just signed with her for a new engagement. She had found berself unable to got rid of her unfortunate trouble, her curse. She added:

enthre anything suffer anything to the 1 had sunk into a low design-lying to seek help. I have lost confi-antresistible power has hold of me Autresistible power has hold of mewoman has dipsomania," said
as he folded the letter. "She
dis of insanity, and it is utterly
r her to reform by her own
l. She has tried twice to commit
as provented by her maid. She
or when she craves it, even if, as
in Rip Van Winkle, she had
eg to get it. But this pool wor than any I ever knew. Most
is deny that they drink at all,
th questions and they will grant
tation that they take a glass of
r, or that, feeling ill or faint in
went to a drug store and asked
which unexpectedly proved to
tey did not know what the drug
paring—certainly not. In fact,
eve what the women say. We are

believe what the women say. We are their friends statements, in lady of great wealth wrote to me scribing at length the symptoms of friend, and asked if the lady could do as a patient. I learned that she attent herself. You would be ns. I should mention the names of some a women in society who have been aution for treatment for insbriety, thy has been so carefully concealed the of the thirty or more officers of atton knew they were recovering excesses here. I am the only one the families of the patients who dinit that the 'pain' is simply a craving alcoho!—I never turn them away but prebe bed extract or rich milk, and when they unable to seep from the craving for liquor ve them sedatives. In two or three weeks begin to mend, and their appetites are rmous. Many on their arrival have not in any solid food in three weeks. I give sin, tonics, bromides sparingly, and electry ostecially, with the best results. Why, electrical battery on the table would folix to the floor when its strongest current is it but a delicate-framed intoxicated woman stand it and ask for more. It sobers her, gives tone to the nerves.

stand it and ask for more. It sobers her, i gives tone to the nerves. The patients rest and sleep for two or three eks, and when they begin to improve and e the craving for drink they are given light upations, such as music or light reading, as rule of strict seclusion is not an unchangele one. When I think I can trust a lady I let rego out, but it is necessary to add when I we the permission that they are put on their such a lady was in this way recently substant of a great temptation. She called on a properly, and they ate luncheon together in a restaurant. The gentleman ordered wine, and was greatly surprised when she refused it. Sho had never refused it before. He did not know that she was a patient in an inebriate asyium, and he was kept in ignorance. He finished his wine alone.

man in-ver refused it before. He finished his wine alone."

How do women acquire the habit?"

Often to drown a great sorrow. One of my patients in good circumstances, and never known to take any stimulant stronger than the ordered was called to her kitchen one day by the shricks of her little girl. The little one's clothing had caught fire from an exploded lamp, and the child was burned to death he fore the mother's eyes while sho was unable to save it. She took brandy to relieve the shock to her feelings, and continued drinking it to xeess. That was thirteen years ago, and she said to me the other day: My child burning slive is always before me, even now after all these years. I have not been able to endure t. My only safety now is not to touch a drop. After the first glass I keep on and drink to insensibility. She has not touched a drop in four mentils, and I believe she will be cared.

Another lady lost her only son suddenly, and was so overwhelmed with grief that she could not rest day or night. Morphine was given hypodermically. That was several years ago, the came here for treatment the other day and here is searcely a spot on her body which has not a hypodermically. That was several years ago, the came here for treatment the other day and here is searcely a spot on her body which has not a hypodermically. That was several years ago, and the task greatly are not rained by alcohol. It is a blessing to them that they nover tried it and found temperating among women more common han many suppose. I mean disease and pain. The wonder to me is that more women who suffer greatly are not rained by alcohol. It is a biessing to them that they nover tried it and found temperating any set was given in the habit is faed they find it impossible to shake if off. I have in mind now a beautiful woman who was noted for all that ought to become a woman. Her husband was several years ago a prominent man in New York but now he has given inpeverything to wait on her. More than ten plays can to relieve pain, and the taste and th

They do not send for a physician to renot their terture after a spree as a man
levy go off into a room alone and quietly
ithey teel better. The amount of liquor
e such women will drink without getnk is amazing. I know a married
the when she craves liquor, will drink
ass of clear whiskey without winking,
will lie down and sleep off the effects,
thee would not have leven discovered
her increasing the doses gradually,
a ght she got rearing drank, tore the
sine, and banged the furniture around
Many women get drank at night, as
a do and wake up sober in the middle
whom I have curious experiences.

hes I have curious experiences, a messenger, from a family whose would recognize if I should mention a to the bedside of the mother of the les hussian I and children were crying bed when I arrived. They believed was dying, and they had been trysher for a last good by. She was the for a last good by. She was the form nothing but alcoholism, ling to the family, but gave the proper remedies, and to this day a limst worship me for raising the other from the brink of the grave, it reveal the truth, and of course I

The Grave of the Vivandiere. From the Richmond Disputch.

section B. row 27, near the big

PANTHERS FORTY-FIFE TEARS AGO. The Old Settler Remembers Meeting Three in the Wilds of Pike County.

MILPORD, Pa., May 25..." Ben a makin gardin all day, an' I feel stiffer'n a hitchin' post," said the Old Settler, as he came in the Crissman House, lit his pipe, and sat down. "That groun' o' mine is ez meller ez a sand heap, too, but they ain't no use o' talkin'. I can't shove a spade inter the sile ez I usty could. I've see the time when I thort that plowin' on a side hill with a bind mule were a leetle the toughest work a feller could set out to do. But I yell ye, b'gosh, boys, a spadin' up yer garden, with the azmy an' the roomytiz an' the plumbago hitched to yer, kin give the blind mule business twenty-eight rod the start, an beat it ez slick ez soap grease."
"Why don't you hire your garden made.

Major?" asked the Sheriff.
"Hire it made!" exclaimed the Old Settler taking his pipe out of his mouth. "Hire it Why don't your gran'father's ghost snare suckers? You know durn well, Shurf, that if gardins was a makin' fur a fip an acre I couldn't hire a cabbage plant sot out, b'gosh t'imighty!'

And the Old Settler placed his pipe in his mouth and closed his teeth on the stem with so much emphasis that he bit it in two. The bowl fell on the dog Cresar, who was sleeping on the floor, and the hot ashes lodged in his ear. Casar retired with such noise and haste as the circumstances seemed to warrant.

"No, sir, b'gosh," said the Old Settler; " jest ez long's my lamp hol's out to burn I'll make my own gardin, down to stickin' o' the pens and polin' o' the beans-with the 'casional throwin' in of a leetle help on the part o' the ole woman, sich ez kinder rakin' off a few stun yer an' thar; shapin' up o' the beds a leetle; puttin' out the onion sets; gittin' the tomater plants in, an' seein' ez the frost don't tech 'em plantin' the corn an' 'taters, an' hoein' of 'em arter they'm up; keepin' the weeds sca'ce, an' stonin' ev'ry durn chicken ez comes diggin' roun' the patch-with the 'ception of a few leetle chores like them, which a woman kin do a durn sight slicker nor a man kin; with the 'ception of a few leetle chores like them, I'll make an' look arter my own gardin, b'gosh, an' them ez wants to hire theirs made kin do it an' be durned to 'em!"
"You're right there, Major," said the County

Clerk. "There is some satisfaction in laying up provender for winter when you know it all comes through your own hard work. I s'pose

Clerk. There is some satisfaction in laying up provender for winter when you know it all comes through your own hard work. Is pose you gather all your crops yourself in the fall, don't you—with the exception, of course, of what little exercise your wife takes in diggin'the taters, cuttin' the corn, pullin' the turnips, and rollin' in the numpkins?"

The Old Settler did not reply, but asked the boys if they had heard that Squire Duckflapper was going to pull up stakes, over back of Ball Hill, and move West. The boys hadn't.

Yes, said the Old Settler, he's gointer dig out, bag an baggage. Speakin' o' gard ain made me think o' him. Dunno why it should, neither, cause the Sauire never had no gardin. They ain't room enough on his place to edge one in. I don't blieve they were dirtenough on the 'Squires farm to Illi a flower pot. But then his azzercultral pursuits has been prine'p'y gittin' out hoop poles an' huntin' b'ar, an' he didn't have to count on no very rich sile, nor much of it, far that. I reckon 'twere cause he didn't have no gardin that he popped in my mind ez we was discussin' the question; an now ez he's in my mind! Can't help lettin' my reckomembrace kinder slide back forty year or so to the times we asty have a secopin the woods from back o' Lackawack clean to Pocono.

They wa'n't never no man ez had more clean grit than Joe Duckflapper. It'd take this yer room full o' books to print all I could tell ye bout Joe's doin's in them proper ole days. I wa'n't takin' many back soals for anybody myself then, b'gosh, neither. In the winter o' '3' the snow were ruther deep an' kinder interfered with our fun in the woods. We was hangin' bound over to the Mouth o' the Lackawack, kinder waitin' for a thaw or suthin' to give us a chance in the woods, when somebody come in an' said they was three or lour whopin' big painters layin' in back o' Lord's Valley, an' the poppelation were persimmons hangin' low fur wits. This were persimmons hangin' how fur trainin'—an' me an' Joe jest more hisaid out fur a reg' lar trai

off in the woods cz we know d meant more business and plenty of it. I wisht you could a seen that sight, boys b goeh I de! Twere a beauty, au no mistake. A leapin' tor'ds us through the snow, ther tails a lashin', ther jaws a snappin', an' ther oyes a flushin', come two painters oz was jest out for a racket that they was bound to hey, if it kep ein up all night. I never said so to Joe, but I'll say it now, bein's ez he's gointer leave the country; but ef I had a ben back to the mouth o' the Lackawack jest that mint histin' in some o' the rum they kep over thar, bad an' dangerous ez it were. I'd a felt a durn sight more like enjoyin' life, b' gosh, than I did when I see them two ole meat-grinders a-makin' for me an' Joe. We know'd that if we didn't kwound em so ez they couldn't git onter us, we would either line the'r innards in less time than it takes me to tell it, or else have the pootlest foot race ez ever tuck place in that corner o' the county. Wall, we picked out a painter apiece, and when they was nigh enough we fired. For the fus' time sence I had hunted with that gun o' mine she went 5-quar' back on me, b'gosh. She missed fire ez pooty ez you ever see an' my painter didn't stop wath a chaw terbacker. But you orter a see Joe's! His gun sent the business plumb to whar 'were intended, an' that painter sees shot up in the air 'alf they'd been a blast sot off in under him, and cum down deader na No. 2 macker' in the bottom layer o' the kit.

Wall, my painter were bout a hundred foot sway, an' that ain't more'n three good jumps fur a painter, cause they'm got more spring in 'en them Injin rubber, an' the good jumps fur a painter, cause they'm got more spring in 'en them I'm, and cum down deader na No. 2 macker' in the bottom layer o' the kit.

Wall, my painter were bout a hundred foot sway, an' that ain't more'n three good jumps fur a painter, cause they'm got more spring in 'en them I'm, and cum hunt him they in a green calish of the painter with the properset kind of a free lunch further would be seen the

From the Pittsburgh Disputch.

They talked of their bablas, their clothes, and their teeth, and there isn't a thing you can think of beneath. The sun or the moon they den't diwess. With a wonderful din and a wonderful fuse.

GOSSIP FROM WARHINGTON.

me for Poor Old Women-The Lady Vice-Regents at Mount Versen. WASHINGTON, May 31 .- The arrangements for the services in commemoration of John Howard Payne in Oak Hill Cemetery, Georgetown, on the 9th of June, are now complete The monument is in position, although still veiled, and a platform has been erected on the lawn immediately in front of it for the accommodation of the President and the Cabinet officers, Mr. W. W. Corcoran, and distinguished guests. The poem will be by Mr. Chilton of the State Department, and the oration by Leigh Robinson, a Virginian lawyer belonging to a family celebrated through many generations for its

forensie powers.

Mr. Corcoran's gifts are known to the whole country, but few persons understand how entirely unostentations and judicious his gifts are. Of the millions he has given away, not one dollar has gone to perpetuate his own name in any way. There are no Corcoran colleges or scholarships, or asylums, and the name of the Corcoran Gallery in Washington is entirely unauthorized, and was given to it by the people. Over the entrance is inscribed simply "Dedicated to Art." The trustees put up a bust and monogram of Mr. Corcoran over the main door, but Mr. Corcoran promptly had them removed. The most beautiful and unique of his charities is the Louise Home, a fine building in the loveliest part of the city, for the use of indigent women who have been tenderly nurtured, but in their old age must starve or beg. Here they have a true home, full of overy comfort, which they enjoy without the smallest restriction. They can come and go at will, visit their friends for any length of time, and return to be welcomed. All their expenses of every kind are paid, except the cost of their wardrobe, and as there are many among them who have literally nothing, Mr. Corcoran delicately and indirectly supplies them with clothes. They are, almost without exception, women of

have literally nothing. Mr. Corcoran delicately and indirectly supplies them with clothes. They are, gimost without exception, women of refinement, whose means were swert away when age and infirmities fell upon them. Instead of treating them as dependents. Mr. Corcoran bestows upon them the most marked and courteous attenting them as dependents. Mr. Corcoran bestows upon them the most marked and courteous attentions. His first call on New Yorks Day is to tons. His first call on New Yorks Day is to tons. His first call on New Yorks Day is to tons. This charity is pecualistic to the property of the country of the second of the his british with them. In the other good deeds his birthday with them. In the other good deeds he has sought to obliterable by anxious that this beloved daughter shall be remembered. A charming pertraited ber and on every hand the vision is remained of her.

For many years all applications for help were read personally by Mr. Corcoran but now he has an agent who reads the innamecable begging letters and refers them to Mr. Corcoran at discretion. And this man, who has divided all of his possessions with the poor, and who holds the rest merely as a steward for the good of others, said intelly to a friend: Of my money, that which I have given away is all that is truly mine. The thought of this consoles me and yet sometimes when I lie awake at night am distressed that I have not given away.

Mr. Corcoran is hale and handsome at \$1, and it is difficult to believe that he is not yet larging behind in the sixties.

The annual meating of the vice-regents of Mount Vernon has just closed, after several days session at Mount Vernon. These ladies, who are from every State in the Union meet once a year to transect the business of the association. The vice-regent from Massaghusets is fully furnished, and each of the vice-regents chooses which of the quaint rooms, set is falled by furnished, and each of the vice-regents chooses which of the quaint rooms, with his post of the washington as ready of the pla

prolonged siege. First is the office proper where the General administered the affairs of the plantation. Then there is a little blind passage, with a closet in which the General kept the Jersey lightning of the period and the silver weed as tobacco was called. Next there is a room with a gigantic flreplace, where an ox could be roasted whole, and then there are stairs leading to the attic above, with a door which shuts off the lower floor so that if occasion arose the General could retreat to the attic, close the door after him like Robinson Crusoe when he pulled up his ladder, and parley with Mrs. Washington out of the window. The office of Quartermaster-General will be vacant on the list of July, when Gen, Ingalis will retire on account of age. Gen, Holabird is next in the order of promotion, and would probably get it except for two reasons: first, he is entitled to it; second, he is a meritorlous officer. That is enough to kill his chances.

The Shoes of Some Beautiful Women. From the Patt Matt Gazette.

Ladies have been ever ready to patronize

sheemakers prone to diseard anatomical laws and in-dulge in freaks of fancy. An exception was Catherine de Medicis. She was very active in looking after ga-dens, walking riding and overlooking her architects. It is easy to understand, in looking at the boots and shoes of the seventeenth century, why the coach be-came an article of necessity to the grand seigneur and the court isdy. The heels were very high, and the boot

cumbersoule.

Moliere kept to the square-tood shoes fastened with a lace on the instep, which the bourgeons of Paris had worn for nearly a century and a half. He was shod pretty much as an English Puritan, and was able to rove through France without needing the assistance of a chiropolist. In the reign of Louis Quinze pedestrian exercise, except on the flat, hard terraces of Versailles

exercise, except on the flat, hard terraces of Versailles, became impossible. The extremity of the heel was placed under the sole of the foot, and the whole weight of the body was thrown upon the great toe. Mme de Pompadour wore Asiatic elippers in the house, but she sacrificed to the fashion when she appeared at court. Marie Antoinette's heels were lower, but the toe of her shoe formed a sharp point. She was glad at her rustic Trianon parties to lean on the crooked staff of a shepherdess or on the arm of a courtier. If the shoes said to be worn by her and the Princesse de Lamballe were only manufactured to be looked at they would were only manufactured to be looked at they would have been charming. The workmanship, so far as eitching and embroidery goes, is perfect. But the feet must have been dreasfully squeezed in them. Marie Antelnette, according to tradition, had a superb gait. Chroniclers of her time likened her to a guidess borne along on clouds. As she was brought up in a simple along on clouds. As she was brought up in a simple German way, and taught early to dance ballets, she may have been relatively to the dames about her, grace-ful in her movements, when she walked. The ankies of the Duchesse de Berri went in and deformed her shoes Her kinswoman, the Empress Marie Louise, had the same defect. The ladies of the Bonaparte family had remarkably small and well shaped feet, and wore their

An Old Poem Written on the Death of Father Prout.

Revived by the Boston Transcript. In deep dejection, but with affection.

I often think of those pleasant times.

In the days of Frazer, ere I touched a razor,
thow I read and reveiled in thy racy thymes;
when in wine and wassail, we to thee were vassail,
of Water grass fill, O removined "F.F."

May "The Bells of Shandon"
The pleasant waters of thy memory!

Follmany a ditty both wise and witty.

In this social city have I heard since then—
(With the glass before me, how the dreams come o'er me
Of those attic suppores, and those vanished men!)
But no song hath woken, whether sing or spoken,
Or hath left a token of such joy in me,
As The Bells of Shandon
The pleasant waters of the River Lee

The songs melodious, which—a new Harmodius—Young Ireland wreathed round its rehel award, with their deep vibrations and aspirations. Filing a glorious malhess o'er the festive board; But to the seems sweeter the melodious metre of the simple lyric that we new to thee—
Of "The Bells of Shandon"
That sounds o grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a grave that rises on thy sward. Devises, Where Noore lies electing from his land afar; and a white stone flashes o'er Goldsmith's ashes in the quiet cloister of Tempis Bar; 50, where'er thou sleepest with a love that's deepest Shall the land remember the sweet song and thee, While the "Bells of Shandon" Shall sound so grand on The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

A HINDOO IN NEW YORK.

What an East Indian has to Say About Brit-ish Hule, Hindes Beligies, and Morals. Amrita Lai Roy would be taken for a negro at a passing glance, but on closer inspection it would be seen that he belonged to a very different race. While not as black by any

means as the typical African, he is darker

than the Mongolian, while his features are unmistakably Caucasian.

"I am. I believe," said he to the writer, "the only native Hindoo in this country at present. I hear there is a young married East Indian lady about to settle in Philadelphia, where she designs to study medicine with a view to the practice of the profession in India. I am a medical student myself. I had two years of study in England and Scotland. I shall probably remain in this country a year, and then return to Calcutta to practise my profession. I am a graduate of the university of that city. "How do the people of India regard their

British rulers?" asked the writer.
"With detestation," answered Mr. Roy. "The feeling is universal that some time or other the English must leave the East Indian peninsular. The next popular outbreak will be no abortive Sepoy rebellion like the last, but an uprising of the entire Hindoo population."

"Of what grievances do you complain?"
"We are misgoverned in every way." said Mr. Roy. "Of the £60,000,000 raised annually by taxation £38,000,000—nearly two-thirds of the whole sum-is used up in salarles by the military and civil services of Great Britain in India. This great tax is laid upon us to sup-

port our oppressors, while only a little over 220,000,000 is spent for the Hindoos. We cannot believe, "said Mr. Roy, "that who cannot believe," said Mr. Roy is the wear of the whole pentinsula for less than a century. We were conjuncted because divided; but now we are united in bitter dislike of our avarietous conjuncters. Our people are very in the world," "You say you are united," said the writer. "How about the Mohammedans?" "There are about 45,001,000 of them," said Mr. Roy, but they are in hearty accord with their Hindoo countrymen in their harded of British rule, You see there are no careers opening the hindoo countrymen in their harded of British rule, You see there are no careers opening at the high military stations, and does not tolerate the Hindoo in the civil service or on the bench. True, we have native barristers, who have become so eminent, so greatly superior to the imported lawyers, that they have been allowed to fill minor individual officers; but practification of the civil service of the inflorers, Justifius of a nation of 250,000,000 people, to whom all the honorable careers in life are denied. A few of us follow the professions, but the great mass of our people are forced to till the soil for a miserable pittanee. Our few rich people are owners of iand."

"Max Muller answers that question. The Hindoos are theoretically theists. They believe in one God, but say he reveals himself to man under different aspects. He is the Creator, the bestrover, and so on, and the priestropessout him to us under visible forms, corrected to the bestrover, and so on, and the priestropessout him to us under visible forms, corrected to the bestrover, and so on, and the priestropessout him to us under visible forms, corrected our belief in the tenets of our national faith. When asked his creed the aduction of our secial and industrial life. Brahminism tolerates all manner of religious vagaries and philosophies. Its attention is confined to a result the proposed of the reversible of the remaining the manufacture

the vagaries of the Salvation Army.

What success have Christian missionaries had in Hindostan?

"Practically none at all. The converts are a mere handful. With the help of English literature and modern thought, the Christian missionaries have succeeded in unsettling the ancient faith, and have created on the one side fanaticism and on the other a widespread akepticism, Still, in past ages we have had our atheists, the most famous of whom was Sankye, who might be called the Bob Ingersoll of his day. Indeed we claim that all the modern philosophies of the modern Western World are simply reproductions of Hindoo forms of thought thousands of years old. In other words, we had our Hagels, Kants, Humes, and Berkeleys long before the so-called Christian era."

"How about Buddhism?"

"Here, again." said Mr. Roy, "I find serious misconceptions about that faith in the Western World. It has been noted that Buddhism apparently disappeared from Hindostan where it originated, but subsequently flourished in Thibet, China, and Japan. Now as a matter of fact the religion called Buddhism in those countries bears scarcely any resemblance to the faith originally taught by Buddha. What really occurred in India was a reformation of the Brainminical religion. It accepted so much of Buddhism that the latter had no raison drive, and hence disappeared."

"There are no old maids in Hindostan. The girl is betrothed while still young and married at maturity. This is why our population increases so rapidly and why our morals are generally so superior to those of other nations."

Mr. Roy further stated that all India is honeycombed with secret societies, and that many years cannot pass without an uprising that will attract the attention of the world. The Hindos, he says, do not four Russia. If they drive out the English they will be able to protect themselves.

Some Mind Left.

From Texas Sistings.

Mose Schnaumburg had loaned Sam Blingtom \$700. As Mose had not seen sam on the streets of Austin for several days, it occurred to him to call at Sam's house, and find out how he was coming on. He did not see Sam, but Mrs. Blingtom was at home. She looked very sed, and had block rings around her eyes.

"I am in great distress, Mr. Schaumburg."

"Yat vash de inatter?"

"Mr. Bungtom has lost his mind, and has been taken out into the country.

"Did he leave do't money mit you to pay dot note vot comes due next week?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Schaumburg, he is not crazy enough to do that. He has not lost his reasoning faculties entirely." From Texas Siftings.

Gethoemane. From the Boston Transcript.

In golden youth, when seems the earth A summer hand for enging mirth. When souls are glad and hearts are light, And not a shadow lurks in sight. We do not know it, but there has Somewhere, velted under evening skies, A garden all must some time see. Somewhere lies our Gethsemane. With joyous steps we go our ways, Love lends a hato to the days, Lard sorrows sail like clouds afar. We hard and survey we are. We harry ou—and harrying go close 1: the houter had of we That waits for you and waits for me—Forever waits detheaman.

Down shadowy lanes, across strange stream Bridged over by our broken dreams. Belind the misty caps of years. Close to the great sait found of tears, The garden lies; attive as you may. You cannot miss it in your way. I paths that have been or shall be Pass somewhere through Getheenane.

All those who journey soon or late Max pass within the garden's rate; Must kneel alone in darkness fisers And battle with some force despair, tied pity those who cannot any. "Not mine, but thins:" who only pray, Let this cup pass, see cassot see The purpose in dethemane.

THE ROCKIES IN BARLY SPRING. Visiting a Town Site on Snow Shees-How the

Receiverious of an Army Officer in Califo

THE PACTURE IT PARTY PROPERS.

The street was an about the converse when the converse was a street of the converse when the converse was a street of the converse when the converse was a street of the converse was a street of the converse when the converse was a street of the converse was a street w

the middle of the shoe, which makes an archilack of the strain is a bised cellarier, fitting
lack of the strain is a bised collection, and the strain is
lack of the strain is a bised on the shoe when it
lack of the strain is a bised on the shoe when it
lack of the strain is a bised on the shoe when it
lack of the strain is a bised on the shoe when it
lack of the strain is a bised on the shoe when it
lack of the strain is a bised on the shoe when it
and set down with a sing to drive it into the
good and the strain is a bised on the shoe when it
shoes are easy to guide when one is familiar
with the strain is the strain is creat
and shoes are easy to guide when one is familiar
with the strain is the strain is creat
and shoes are easy to guide when one is familiar
with the strain is the strain in the strain is creat
alone of the strain is a tree and breaking
the shoes is most serious accident which the
forest) or of the rider breaking his lead,
do when shoes become unmanancestic, it to
growed pour love and if the shoes in
the shoes is most serious accident which the
forest) or of the rider breaking his lead,
do when shoes become unmanancestic, it to
growed pour love and if the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes in
the shoes in the shoes i

CURIOUS PRATURES OF ACTUAL LIFE.

Climbing the Himslayes.

meeting with his approval, she has for several that planteen pepparing to put litto active practice. Sin is at present going from house to house and taking the mance of all young grits who, the her, a compelled to gain their subsistence by the aid of their shapes, and have no means of acquiring an education. Shapes and women who are desirous of improving themselves, and to this end intends, when the class is made up, to employ the services of an excellent lady tencher.

Senator Jones's Start in California. From the Courier-Journal.

Senator Jones's Start in California.

From the Courier Journal.

Senator Jones of Nevada had gone to California with thousands of others when the wonderful discovery of gold in that far off land thrilled every lambet and village. Among those who went to seek their forsimes there was a man named linyward from Vermont. Hayward had a claim on the mountain side, that as yet had shown no particular promise; still he stock to it. One hot summer day, when the Red Illils were quivering with heat, Hayward came to see Jones. Said he Jones, I am very near to a wonderful vein. I know it, I feeth, but I am flat broke. I want \$2,000; with that I will make both our fortunes."

Now old fellow, said Jones, "I have known just 1500 men who were in exactly your fix. They only all," Finall, and sometimes \$100 to make their elernal all. Finall, and sometimes \$100 to make their elernal all. Finall, and sometimes \$100 to make their elernal all. Finall, and sometimes \$100 to make their elernal all. Finall, and sometimes \$100 to make their elernal all. Finall, and sometimes \$100 to make their elernal all. Finall, and sometimes \$100 to make their elernal all. Finall, and sometimes \$100 to make their elernal all. Finall, and sometimes \$100 to make their elernal all. Finall, and sometimes \$100 to make their elernal all. Finall, and sometimes \$100 to make their elernal all. Finall, and some sour I will get it out for you but don't ask mafor any more."

Hayward got the money and said: When I strike it. I will give you a quarter interest."

One aftermoon about a month after this happened, Jones was situry in his cabin when il ayward suddenly birst in as white as sheet. "Jones," said he, "I have strick it."

They went together to look at it, and sure enough, liayward had struck an immense behavior, or pocket, "of aimost pure gold. Jones with his experience, saw it was the richest mise in California. Hayward sold it to wash the richest mise in California. Hayward sold it to wash married liayward's dasighter.

Was the Butler Enten by the Pike! From the Live Stock Journal.

From the Lice Stock Journal.

An event occurred recontly at Market Drayton of so singular a character that were it not authenfeated beyond the shadow of a doubt i should not venture to marrate it to your readers. Some months ago the buffer at Comberner mysteriously disappeared, and it was generally believed that he had been drowned in the mere which is in close proximity to the Abbey. Though search was made, no traces of him could be found until a week or two since, when his had was found disating on the surface. To soive, if possible, the mystery of his falt, the services of a diver were secured, who has been until engaged for some days in exploring the depths of the mere. This is a stretch of water between 150 and 250 are in extent, and varying in depth from six to forty the mere in extent, and varying in depth from six to forty and the source of the mere. This is a stretch of water between 150 and 250 ares in extent, and varying in depth from six to forty diver allow the source of the mere in extent, and varying in depth from six to forty diver allow that some them a motel place for pike, and thu diver allow the surface with them and that so little did his appearance in strength of each of them the strength them with their tails in possing.

One day, however, hast week, when in about eight yards of water, a monster darted from the shadow of an old tree root and struck him full, in the class, knocking him on to his brack, and causing him so much pain that he became eight and finit, and had to return to the surface with all speed. When somewhat recovered he such he had taken his arm in its month; but it was thought that possibly the fish had struck it with his tail and in this way injered it as no harks of the teeth were vasible. The diver said, in a long experience both in sea and itver naver had the beats as assailed before, and he took care to procure further protection for his hands and arms before procure further protection for

The Bridge's Christening. From the Burlington Hawkeye.

That I might the more properly observe the Queen's initially I went on the 2sth, to the growing Inglish city of terk. I said to a man.

And this is the citocomation of 1810.

Sandiaw of line: No. he said. She wasn't begun

till 1845"
So young as that?" I said, "The only offspring of Edward of kent"
Edward molecule, said a tall policentar, "William 'Kinesise was the man, but fleedding was the engineer."
And today, "I said, we rejude in her grandeur, her might, her passe, her—
she's a buster for sure, 5,080 feet long," said a man in mechanic s dress. "she's a buster for sure. 5,080 feet long," said a man in mechanic stress.

And," I said, thinking the man's metaphor was a little strained, "her world wide sway.

"the pshaw," said the inschanic, "that's all gammon, she won't wave renight to feel;".

"Well," I said, a woman whose laws are obeyed from John to thought to be she work when the said as world whose laws are obeyed from John to thought to be shering a what under the said are you talking about?" the man said. what under the said are you triaing a contract of the said.

"Victoria," I told him, " and what are you crazy over?"

Bridge it, " he said, " another woman entirely. Victo-

An Important Amendment. From the Athany Arque.

In Kingston, last Sunday, Bishop Jones, who is in attendance upon the Conference of the African Methodist Episcond Zion Church in that city, hapfraed the infant sou of a colored and reverent brother. He hapfized him "Frederick Bouglass Sunth," and at the close of the ceremony said, "tied bless you, and make you as eniment in that great man (a pause, but very much more biods."